

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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Objective — Iwo Jima

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Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1945-1946

THE SUCCESSFUL INVASION OF IWO JIMA, WHICH MILITARY strategists called the most heavily fortified island in the world, is an excellent example of intelligent planning by staff officers, thorough training by unit commanders, and the indomitable spirit of the individual Marine. Iwo Jima will forever stand as a monument to the Marines who gave their lives to take it that others could live their lives — free, without fear.

The decision to invade Iwo Jima was made by the joint Chiefs of Staff as a primary requisite in the furthering of the war against Japan. The island, which lies about 700 miles from Japan, was considered by the Japanese to be a strong point in their perimeter of homeland defense and they fortified it accordingly — to the extent, in fact, that they boasted it would take a year for one million men to capture it. Although the Chiefs of Staff recognized the hazards that would accompany an invasion of this fortress, they were convinced that the island was of such strategic importance that an amphibious operation should be launched against it as quickly as possible.

The advantages of possessing Iwo Jima were carefully estimated. High on the list of offensive advantages were the airfields the island would provide. These airfields could be used as bases for our fighter aircraft, enabling them to protect our long-range bombers flying from the Marianas. Our B-29's could use the fields for emergency landings if they were disabled in an attack on the Japanese homeland. Furthermore, there existed the distinct advantage of depriving the Japanese of the use of these airfields, from which their fighter craft launched attacks on our bombers en route to Japan.

The Fifth Marine Amphibious Corps, which had been activated as a corps only a short time before this operation, was selected for the task of taking Iwo Jima. Of the three principal units of this corps — the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Marine Divisions — two were veterans: the Third had been at Bougainville and at Guam, the Fourth at Roi-Namur in the Marshall Islands and at Saipan-Tinian in the Marianas. The Fifth Division was comparatively new and had seen no action as a unit. Although it was formed with a nucleus of veterans from other divisions, the majority of its personnel were men as yet untried in combat. I was a member of "F" Company, Second Battalion, in the 27th Regiment of the Fifth Marine Division, and was in charge of a rifle platoon.

The men in the Fifth Marine Division first became aware of impending action in December, 1944. We were then based on one of the large islands

of the Hawaiian group and had been training there in routine drills and conditioning hikes for several months. Our training schedule had been of such general nature that the most persistent rumor in camp was that we were to be used as occupation troops in Japan, and that we would stay at our present camp until the surrender of that nation.

Early in December, however, "things" began to happen. Our training in the field set into a definite pattern, new equipment began to appear, and we received a number of new men, who brought our company up to full fighting strength. To the men in the ranks, the best indication of a forthcoming campaign was the sudden emphasis placed on the practicality of life insurance, which was fully outlined by our commanding officer.

We began our embarkation on the morning of January 10, 1945. Our ship was a rusty L.S.T.¹ that had never been intended for use as a troop transport. Aboard this ship we were told that we were to hold practice landings for several weeks and would then transfer to a large transport for the trip to the staging area.² At Saipan, which was the designated area, we would return to the L.S.T. for the final stage of the journey to our objective. Accordingly, we transferred to a large transport on the first day of February, 1945, and began the trip to Saipan.

A meeting of all staff N.C.O.'s³ and officers was called immediately after our arrival aboard the transport vessel. Here we heard the first official statement that our destination was Iwo Jima. The Second Battalion's commanding officer, Major Antonelli, fully outlined the operation, particularly that part with which our company was concerned.

The island, Major Antonelli said, had a total area of eight square miles. The Fourth and Fifth Divisions were to land on the west beach, near the northern end of the island, while the Third Division would stay aboard ship until needed. The three airfields on the island, two of them operative, the other in the final stages of completion, were named Motoyama Number One, Two, and Three. Motoyama Number One would be the initial objective of the Fourth Division; the Fifth Division was to bisect the island at its narrowest point and capture Mount Suribachi, an inactive volcano at the extreme southern tip of the island that rose almost perpendicularly to a height of 500 feet. The 28th Regiment was to attack Mount Suribachi; the 27th was to cross the Island. "D" day was to be February 19, and "H" hour, 0900.⁴ The battalion intelligence officer told us that the Japanese had 14,000 men (actually 20,000, as we learned later) on the island, that they had been fortifying it for several years, and that we could expect daily bombing raids from the enemy. Later, the medical officer told us of the plant lice that infested

¹ Landing ship, tanks. ² A staging area is an advanced, temporary base.

³ Non-commissioned officers.

⁴ "D" — Day of debarkation, or day invasion would begin. "H" — Hour of landing on the island. 0900 — 9:00 A.M.

the island, carriers of a deadly form of typhus. At the close of the meeting, the Major wryly commented that the only bit of optimism he could offer was the possibility that the Japanese might surrender without fighting.

We arrived at Saipan twelve days before D day and changed from the large transport vessel back to the L.S.T. that would take us to Iwo Jima. This ship carried the amphibious tractors in which we would be taken to the beach, and a considerable amount of supplies for the invading troops.

Once again we began to work with aerial photographs and scale models until every man knew exactly the place he would land, what he would do, and how we intended to work as a unit. Weapons were checked again and yet again, and all faulty equipment was replaced. We had long since satisfied ourselves that we were ready for anything, but briefing and inspections helped pass the time, which was beginning to hang on us like a shroud.

Early reveille was held the morning of February 19, and a breakfast of ham and eggs was served us. We could hear the sounds of naval gunfire and could occasionally see a distant flash as the guns of our warships continued the bombardment that had begun three days before. As the morning darkness lifted, the men gathered at the rail to watch our warships pour tons of explosives on Mount Suribachi, which we could faintly see through the mist.

Since we were in the second wave,⁵ H hour for my platoon was to be three minutes after the first wave had landed, or three minutes after nine o'clock. We loaded into the amphibious tractors at 0730 and left the ship a few minutes later. Again instructions were given, and bantering conversation was freely exchanged. We rode in circles until 0830, when we formed a line behind the first wave and started for the beach. As ranking man in our tractor, I was to give the men a "stand by" signal one minute before we hit the beach. I noted with a great deal of satisfaction that the first wave had landed and were scaling the first parapet, about fifteen feet from the water. Then the tractor's cleats ground onto the beach, and I grabbed my carbine, climbed over the side, and yelled, "Let's go!"

The purpose of my platoon was to support "F" company, so we scrambled over the parapet at the beach and began climbing through the coarse black sand to a previously arranged organization point. By this time mortar fire was falling among us like raindrops, and the machine gun fire was like a continuous roll of drums. I reorganized my platoon as well as possible and started the men toward our first objective.

We had been on the island about five minutes when I received the first casualty report. Robert Johnson, leader of the second squad, had been killed, and two of his men badly wounded, when a mortar shell exploded in a shell crater with them. We made the wounded men as comfortable as possible and pushed on up the hill. Halfway up we found our company "pinned down" by machine gun fire from the crest of the hill. In the first half hour we had

⁵ In an invasion, a wave is an echelon of men.

moved forward only 300 yards, but we could already notice that the artillery and mortar fire was being concentrated on the beach, and that most of the fire we were receiving was from machine guns and rifles.

At 0930 our tanks began landing, and a few minutes later they were giving us supporting fire. With the tanks supporting us with machine gun and cannon fire, we moved forward again, meeting with less opposition as we went along, but we were forced to halt our advance in mid-afternoon, as we had outdistanced the units on our flanks. After waiting a short time for our flanking units to appear, we began building a defensive position for the expected night "Banzai" attack. However, our artillery and naval gunfire kept the Japanese from organizing an attack, and so we spent a comparatively quiet evening. A report of our company's casualties in the campaign, taken at the end of the first day's fighting, listed 18 men killed and 70 men wounded.

The 25th Regiment, on our right flank, had met with strong opposition but came abreast of our lines early in the afternoon of the second day. When the front lines were straightened and ready, an attack was ordered, to commence at 0800 the next morning. At 0700 the morning of February 21, our artillery began firing a barrage that lasted for an hour, and then, accompanied by several tanks, we began advancing. We moved to the northern tip of Motoyama airfield, started on, but were hit by a heavy artillery and mortar barrage that halted us because of the severe losses we were receiving. That night we were reinforced by a supporting company, and the following morning our company was replaced by one of the companies in reserve. The total casualties of our company up to that time were 154 men wounded and 56 men killed.

About ten o'clock in the morning of the fourth day we received the encouraging news that the 28th Regiment had captured Mount Suribachi, and that our flag had been hoisted from its highest peak. Everyone was jubilant, and some of the men celebrated by burning several by-passed blockhouses in our rear area. The sight of our flag, coupled with the knowledge that the 28th Regiment was now free to help us, raised our morale immeasurably.

Into the front lines again, a few days later, where we remained until our company was no longer useful as a fighting organization. Four days later the island was officially declared ours, although isolated pockets of the enemy were still active. Out of the original 230 men who began the campaign with "F" company, only 27 remained, and of this remaining 27, 5 had returned to fight again after receiving wounds earlier in the action.

Of the three divisions participating in the Iwo Jima operation, the Fifth Division had suffered the heaviest losses, having lost about 8,000 men. The Fourth Marine Division had lost 5,409 men, and the Third Division, which had held one regiment in reserve throughout the operation, had lost almost 3,000 men — a grand total of 16,163 casualties.

The Night Class

CAROLINE MADDOX

Rhetoric I, Theme 1, 1945-1946

ABOUT NINE ONE EVENING WE HEARD THE WIND, which had been raging about the roofs since long before class began, broken suddenly by great torrents of rain. The black skylight slanting down one side of the room flashed white, and was black again. There was one crack of thunder, then only the roar of water pouring down on the roof above us. A stir of excitement had gone through the class with the first burst of rain. There were about a dozen of us there that night, with our burdened easels and benches scattered among the empty ones in a quite irregular fan shape around the model's stand. We had been working silently until the rain began. Now we looked around at each other, smiling, and laughed at a remark someone made about umbrellas, not because it was funny, but because we wanted to laugh together. An almost tangible warmth enclosed us. I knew suddenly that I loved these people and that I would remember this moment a long time. I looked around the familiar studio, past the posing model and the group of easels, at the rough brick walls, shadowy under the rafters, and shadowy in the cluttered corners. On one end of the wall farthest from me there was an arched doorway into a dark little jumble of a closet. Above the door was a hexagonal clock whose pendulum hadn't moved for years. A shallow glass case on the same wall sheltered several prints, and some more prints, framed, were along the wall, filling the space as far as the row of coat hooks where a few faded smocks were hanging. The wooden sliding doors beside the hooks were closed, so that I couldn't see the stair landing outside it. Leaning helter-skelter from floor to wall below the row of prints and below the limp smocks, were stacks of canvases and boards.

The room was quiet again under the steady murmur of the rain. Everybody seemed to be working again. There was Dick over by the wall concentrating so hard he looked glum and ludicrous in his long butcher's apron. I looked at him, wanting to laugh. He turned and grinned back at me. There was dumpy, red-smocked Miz' Davis, swinging her short legs from a high bench, smacking her lips vapidly, peering at the model like a bright-eyed little beaver; and French Helene was silent for once, looking wistful and discouraged. In a minute she'd cry out, "Oh dear! I can't get the eye." Gray-haired Mr. Gregory would tell her, again, kindly, to keep on looking at the model. There was Mr. Wolfson squinting down his nose, completely satisfied with his work, and Paula, my sister, puzzling over her drawing; young,

red-haired Race with the sober gray eyes, and incorrigible Warren, and all the others.

I stared at my drawing a moment, then slid off my stool and went quietly to the door of a little alcove behind me. The little room was dark except where the light edged the doorway, faintly touching the paint-splattered sink, and outlining the palettes laid carelessly along some shelves. The rain was louder in the dark closet, the warm darkness pungent with the smell of paint, turpentine, strong soap, old paint rags. It was to see the night that I had come. I stepped in, bent down to the two small windows low under the room, swung them both open into the night. Wet air blew into my face as I looked away down to the deserted street and the black wet garden behind the gallery. I heard someone in the other room sing out, "Rest!" Bustle and chatter broke loose. I stood up, wiping my hands on my smock, and went back into the big room.

The Bonus Expeditionary Force

WILLIAM LOUIS RABY

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1945-1946

IN THE MIDDLE OF KEY BRIDGE, WHICH SPANS THE Potomac River between Virginia and the District of Columbia, a tattered, bloody, red-eyed group stood. At either end of the bridge, police were stationed to see that the sovereignties of their respective political bodies were not violated.¹ The people that stood on the bridge were part of the army of almost twenty thousand which was being chased from the District of Columbia. Virginia did not want them; no state wanted them or would take them. They had been characterized by the President of the United States as rebels. Their homes had been burned, the possessions they could not rescue destroyed, and they had been gassed, sabered, bayoneted, and chased by the United States Army. It was the night of Thursday, July 28, 1932, often referred to as "bloody Thursday." The men on the bridge were veterans of the first World War, part of the scattered thousands who had constituted the Bonus Expeditionary Force but a few short hours ago. Now the B. E. F., its camp on Anacostia Flats, and its petitions to Congress were being dissolved. The events of that Thursday and of the months that preceded it were quickly forgotten by most of the nation. Few persons today either remember or want to remember the story of the bonus army.

The veterans' march on Washington first hit the country's headlines in

¹ "Victory of Anacostia," *New Republic*, August 17, 1932, p. 20.

May of 1932, when a group of veterans from Oregon passed through St. Louis.² It was soon no uncommon sight to see groups of veterans with or without families travelling through the country in the direction of Washington. Even while the police, the veterans' organizations, and most of the politicians tried to discourage the migration, its size continued daily to increase. The veterans had what they considered a legitimate demand, and they were going to Congress to present it. There was nothing they could lose by trying, for they were out of work, had been for months or years, and were mostly penniless. Sleeping on a park bench in Washington seemed as good to them as sleeping on a park bench in their home towns. So they marched, and fought, and hitched their way to Washington to ask Congress for their bonus.

Their demand seemed reasonable to them. Congress had already voted them a bonus in the form of certificates maturing in 1945.³ But they wanted the money to be given to them then and there. Hungry, homeless, out of work, they figured that by 1945 the money would be of no use to them except to buy flowers for their graves. Besides, they argued, if they had the money they would spend it, and that might act as a stimulant to business. And more than that, more than any logical reason that they could advance, going to Washington was doing something. They had been idle for a long time, and this at least was something to do. So they moved on Washington, congregated there, and built semi-military camps there.

The camps they built were reminders, grim reminders and ironic, of the days of the war.⁴ There were company streets lined with huts made of materials taken from the dumps of the city. The family that found an old automobile body lived in a mansion. They had their officers who governed the camp, their M.P.'s who enforced the rules, and their messes where they ate the food donated by sympathetic citizens and organizations. The food was barely enough to keep their bodies alive, but that was all they needed. Sanitary facilities were meager.⁵ Two fire hydrants furnished the camp at Anacostia Flats with water. Two fire hydrants for over three thousand people! And means of waste disposal was just about as inadequate. But they stayed there, made speeches to each other, and presented their request to the Congress of the United States. They stayed, and more and more kept constantly coming.

They kept on coming, and kept on lobbying for consideration of the bonus. At last Congress heard them.⁶ The Patman Bill, which had been tabled since May 6, was brought to a vote in the House on June 15, and

² E. F. Brown, "Bonus Army Marches to Defeat," *Current History*, September, 1932, p. 684.

³ W. Davenport, "But the Dead Don't Vote," *Colliers*, June 11, 1932, p. 10.

⁴ J. Dos Passos, "Veterans Come Home to Roost," *New Republic*, June 29, 1932, p. 177.

⁵ "Human Side of the Bonus Army," *Literary Digest*, June 25, 1932, p. 28.

⁶ Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 686.

passed. The day of June 17 was a tense one, for the Senate was debating the bill. All Washington was afraid of what might happen if the bill failed to pass. Over fifteen thousand veterans were massed in front of the Capitol. The day passed and still no decision had been reached. A vote was taken that evening, and the bill was defeated. Murmurs of protest and anger rose from the crowd. They surged about restlessly, but quietly dispersed. Washington breathed a sigh of relief. Now that the bill was defeated, they thought, the B. E. F. would go.

The B. E. F. did not go, though. They stayed on. Nobody wanted them there, there seemed little that they could do, but they stayed on. Most of them had no place to go. Only one hope — vain and doomed to failure — was left — to have the bill reconsidered. Since Washington, and especially political Washington, was embarrassed by their presence, Congress on July 7 passed a measure which would advance funds for transportation home to all veterans who decided to take advantage of the offer.⁷ The cost of this transportation home was to be deducted from the bonus when it was paid. In the first three days after this measure was passed, five hundred veterans took advantage of its provisions. In that same three days, a thousand new veterans arrived in Washington.

No, they would not go, it seemed. An election was coming up, though, and the B. E. F. was not the best publicity for anyone connected with it. And so it was decided to make them go. On July 25, orders were issued to General Glassford, head of the Washington police, to evacuate the B. E. F.⁸ Glassford, who had nothing against the B. E. F., questioned the wisdom of the orders. They were repeated. Although the bonus army was given until August 4 to leave the District, they were forcibly ejected on July 28.

On the morning of the twenty-eighth a contractor's gang started to tear down some abandoned government buildings on Pennsylvania Avenue that were being occupied by a group of the bonus marchers.⁹ The veterans gathered around and heckled the workers, who were under police guard. Someone threw a brick, and it seemed as if the long-awaited trouble was at last going to break out. General Glassford, who was present on the scene, fortunately averted the threatened riot. That afternoon, however, another brick was thrown and a melee started. One policeman opened fire into the crowd of veterans, killing two of the bonus marchers before Glassford managed to halt him. The two deaths seemed to quiet things down, but someone — Glassford denied that he was responsible — had sent for the troops.¹⁰ Secretary of War Hurley, under instructions from President Hoover, ordered

⁷ F. C. Springer, "Glassford and the Siege of Washington," *Harper's*, November, 1932, p. 648. ⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 653.

⁹ P. Y. Anderson, "Tear Gas, Bayonets, and Votes," *Nation*, August 17, 1932, p. 138.

¹⁰ Springer, *op. cit.*, p. 653.

Chief of Staff General Douglas MacArthur to "surround the affected area and clear it without delay."¹¹

About four-thirty in the afternoon the troops came down Pennsylvania Avenue.¹² Crowds had gathered, both B. E. F.'ers and home-going government workers, and they cheered the troops. But the cheers died suddenly as the troops rode into the crowds, pushing them back with the flats of sabers and the striking hoofs of horses.¹³ The men of the B. E. F. were driven back towards Anacostia, where tear-gas detachments loosed their bombs on the massed men, women, and children. Infantry with fixed bayonets pushed them back, foot by foot, to the camp on the other side of the District. And then, when they reached the camp, they pushed them through, firing the flimsy huts as they went. All evening the Army went on with its glorious mopping-up operation.

Forcibly kicked out of the District of Columbia, the veterans could yet not leave.¹⁴ Neither Maryland nor Virginia would allow them to enter; state troopers were there to make sure that they did not leave the District into either of those states, the only ones that border on the District, and the Army was behind them to make sure that they did leave the District. Finally, about four in the morning, in the midst of a dismal rain, the Maryland authorities granted them permission to pass through the state if they would do so as rapidly as possible.¹⁵ A refuge had been promised them in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, by the mayor of that town, and it was there that many of them headed.¹⁶

Hate and abuse met them on the road. Hoover had said that they "were not genuine veterans, but Communists and persons of criminal record."¹⁷ At one place, a group asked for food. The reply was brief, curt, and to the point: "We can't give you any. The President says you're rebels — don't you understand? You're all outlaws now."¹⁸ And that was the general attitude of the nation towards them for some time. The remnants of the B. E. F. were scattered over the countryside. A few thousand were headed for Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

Though the mayor of Johnstown had invited them, the civic leaders of that city wanted nothing more than to see the B. E. F. as far from their neighborhood as possible. State police were stationed on the edge of town to see that few of the survivors of Washington ever found Johnstown.¹⁹ In spite of obstructions, however, over a thousand veterans managed to reach the asylum offered by the charitable mayor. It was there that they had their

¹¹ Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 687. ¹² *Ibid.* ¹³ Anderson, *op. cit.*, p. 138.

¹⁴ "Victory of Anacostia," *loc. cit.*, p. 20.

¹⁵ M. Cowley and S. Brown, "Flight of the Bonus Army," *New Republic*, August 17, 1932, p. 13. ¹⁶ Springer, *op. cit.*, p. 655. ¹⁷ *Ibid.*

¹⁸ M. Cowley and S. Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 14. ¹⁹ *Ibid.*

first pause since "bloody Thursday," and were able to think back and get really mad.

"I used to be a hundred percenter," one ragged veteran said, "but now I'm a Red radical. I had an American flag, but the damned tin soldiers burned it. Now I don't ever want to see a flag again. Give me a gun and I'll go back to Washington!"²⁰

"Yeah," muttered the scattered thousands, "we're gonna' get guns and go back to Washington!"²¹

There was menace in these people who had had their peaceful actions met by force. There was bitterness in the eyes of men who had saved the republic a few years before, but whom the republic declined in turn to save. But a thousand, or ten thousand, or twenty thousand scattered, leaderless, weaponless men do not make a revolution. Yes, they were going to get guns and go back to Washington, but they did not. There was no one to come forward and show them where to get the guns, how to march on Washington, or whom to use the guns on, and so they scattered to the middle and the four corners of the country. They had asked for help, and the answer had been gas bombs, bayonets, sabers, cavalry, and fire. They in their turn had no retaliation. There was only the hate, the cold, white, clammy hate that lay like a lump on the souls of many. There was nothing that a hate of that kind could be used on, yet it was there like a cancer, spreading in the souls of men.

What is written above seems to cover the facts of the bonus army. Thousands of words were written at the time of those events and later about various aspects of the Bonus Expeditionary Force. These ranged from passionate denunciations of the actions of the government, and sometimes of the whole American system of living, to almost as passionate support of the government's method of dealing with the B. E. F. Of the two extreme points of view, those who denounced seem to have had more of reason and truth in their writings. Most of those who supported, even the two official government reports on the case, are contradicted on their main points by the facts.

Both of the government reports attempted to establish that the men of the B. E. F. were not only not veterans, but were Communists and criminals. The report of Secretary of War Patrick Hurley was the first to be issued. Though completely contrary to the facts that even the newspapers and the screens of the nation's theaters had spread, the report was never corrected or withdrawn.²² Seemingly to bolster the discredited Hurley report,

²⁰ *Ibid.* ²¹ *Ibid.*

²² "Official Misrepresentation of Eviction of Bonus Marchers," *New Republic*, August 24, 1932, p. 29.

Attorney General Mitchell issued a report that was much more plausible. Its main errors were not in what it said but in what it neglected to say.²³ For example, Mitchell's report stated that of 4,723 men who were fingerprinted, 1,069, or 22.6%, had been arrested. No mention was made of the fact that only 829 of these men were ever convicted, or of the probability that many of the offences committed were minor ones, such as vagrancy. Under the vagrancy laws of most states, practically every person in the bonus army was a criminal, for all of them were vagrants. Using that type of reasoning, Mitchell would have been perfectly justified in stating that the bonus army was composed entirely of criminals. Even that, though, would hardly have been an extenuating reason for the actions of "bloody Thursday," for even such menaces to society as vagrants are entitled to certain of the rights of citizenship.

²³ "Political Gesture; Mitchell's Report on the Bonus Army," *New Republic*, September 21, 1932, pp. 139, 140.

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The University of Illinois And Its Negroes

JEAN KNAPP

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945

PEOPLE OF OTHER COUNTRIES HAVE BEEN LED TO believe that the United States is a country where "all men are created equal." Those are the famous words used by Abraham Lincoln when his efforts to free the slave succeeded. He thought that at last the problem of every man's being free and equal had been solved. The emancipation of the Negro was a great step in this direction, but there are more steps to be taken. Ever since the first slave was brought over from Africa in 1619, Negroes have been looked on as an inferior race. This feeling, so strong at first, has been lessened; but, even now, there is a discrimination made. We have lately been at war against the "superior" races. Too few of us realize that a war of the same general type is going on within our own country—a war of racial prejudice.

The education of the Negro has been greatly hampered by this racial prejudice in many of the colleges—especially those in the South, where there is even no suggestion of equality. There the only college education available to the Negro is in segregated institutions. The reasoning behind this is not just, but at least the practice is consistent and the Negro knows where he stands. The situation in the Northwest is much different—there is no discord whatsoever. The Negro has the same opportunities for an education as the white man has. The Middle West, however, has not made up its mind one way or the other, and the Negro is at a loss to know just what his place is. An illustration of this discord is found here on our own campus.

Although the great majority of Illinois students live near the campus, you will not find any Negroes living in this area. Most of them live in private homes in the colored section in north Champaign. Because of the distance from the campus to their homes, it is almost impossible for the students to return to them between classes or for lunch. Out of necessity, the Union Building and one or two drugstores have become their eating places. Such conditions are certainly not up to par with those that most of us take for granted.

Because there isn't a Negro church or foundation on the campus and because the white churches do not care to have a mixed group, most of our Negro students do not go to church. Some of the students go to the town churches, which lean towards the old revival-type services and, therefore,

are not the kind of churches that the Negro student, usually on a highly educated level, prefers to attend.

What types of recreation do the Negroes have? Are the University's social and sport activities open to them?

Movies are probably high on the recreation list. The prevalent habit in all of the nearby theaters is to segregate the Negro audience from the white audience by reserving a special area in the balcony for them. The municipal pool in Crystal Lake Park has gone a step further and does not even allow the Negroes to swim. The mixers and parties sponsored by the University are open to everyone, and some Negroes attend these. If they were made to feel more welcome, many more would be glad of a chance to be participants. Although the orchestra, band, chorus, etc., are also open to any student, a Negro who tries to become a member is treated as an intruder and consequently does not get very far. This condition is far better, however, than the one which exists in sports. Negroes are not allowed on baseball, basketball, tennis, and swimming teams. They are, however, allowed to try out for track and football. Just why the line has been drawn is not known. It would seem that if a student were good enough to take part in a football game he would be just as eligible to play in a baseball game.

Our faculty is unprejudiced as far as the Negro student is concerned. Each student has the opportunities that the others have. For the Negro, this is the saving grace. If it were not for this important factor, the education of the Negro would gradually be extinguished. There are, however, no Negro members on the staff, and there probably never will be.

The Negro student is also uncertain of his status in the military life on the campus. ROTC is a requirement for all men during the first two years of college. The next two years are not compulsory. A Negro student, however, is not allowed to take this advanced work. This is very illogical. Why make a student take ROTC for two years and then make a complete turnabout and make it impossible for him to become an advanced cadet? There are no Negroes in the V-12 unit, and there will be none in the naval ROTC. The ASTR's have several Negroes in their ranks. These Negro students sleep, eat, study, and play with the white fellows, and the cooperation and friendliness between the two races prove that it is very possible for an equality to exist not only here at the University of Illinois but also throughout the country.

The Negroes are outnumbered, discouraged, and unable to solve the problems. It will be only through the combined efforts of the faculty, the churches, and all students that an equality of the white and black races can be established and maintained on our campus.

Labor Unions — A Necessity

JOHN SUNDERLAND

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1945-1946

THERE SEEMS TO BE CONSIDERABLE ANTAGONISM towards organized labor, and, oddly enough, the feeling runs very high among the students of this university. This feeling appears to be based on inaccurate information, information gathered from a press hostile to labor. Since most newspapers of the country are themselves business enterprises, or are financially dependent upon business through advertising, it follows that their attitude is one of opposition to organized labor.

It is a rather well-established fact that unionism is the result of unfair practices on the part of employers toward their employees, practices which could be combatted by labor only through the united efforts of many. In the present controversies, as in many of the previous ones, this fundamental truth has been lost sight of. I need not relate the conditions which existed at the beginning of unionism, and which gave rise to labor organizations, to show the need for organized labor. More recent happenings within my own experience will suffice.

During the summer of 1929, I was employed as a buffer in a factory which manufactured automobile accessories. My work consisted of nickel-buffing Ford name plates, which were made of steel with polished and nickel-plated edges. The buffing operation brightened the plated edge. I was paid forty cents per hour and buffed from forty to fifty plates an hour. I could have finished from sixty to seventy-five plates an hour, but the worker next to me, who was receiving sixty cents, was buffing only from sixty to seventy-five plates; it was an unwritten law in that shop that you produced in accordance with your rate of pay. This was more or less a universal practice — so much work for so much money.

The company attempted to increase production; when exhorting the workers to greater efforts failed, they adopted a piece-work system of payment for all production work. The rate for buffing name plates was set at twenty-nine cents per hundred. This meant that to earn forty cents an hour I would have had to produce approximately one hundred and twenty-nine pieces an hour, or more than three times as many as before and almost twice as many as it was possible to do. The rates for work throughout the shop were comparable to that on my job. Consequently our earnings were cut in half. We had no way of combatting this situation other than by quitting work.

Another abuse of piece-work systems, common before the war, was practiced in "group work." A group usually consisted of two or more em-

ployees who worked together and whose total earnings were divided. Since it was necessary to close production lines down occasionally, particularly on week ends, it was customary to use this time to finish all work that had been started and to "clean up" any odd lots or pieces that had been moved aside during the regular production period. Since this clean-up work frequently did not require a full crew, most of the workers were laid off, and only a few were retained. Although it was impossible to maintain production standards while closing down the line, the earnings of the group, which were built up during the course of regular production, were distributed, not only over the regular production hours, but over those of the clean-up period as well. In the event the group earnings were above base rates, the workers who went home contributed to the payment of the wages of those that remained.

Another abuse that was common not long ago was the pay-period guarantee of base pay; that is, workers were guaranteed a certain rate per hour for every hour of attendance during a pay period. When employed on piece work, the worker might build up bonus earnings in the first half of the pay period and then be assigned work on which it was impossible to make base rates. In this event, the bonus earnings were used to make up the deficits on the less remunerative jobs until they were exhausted or losses were fully made up. Actually, then, the worker was paying himself for a part of his work. Unions of the present day would not tolerate such practices; in fact, because of these practices the workers of many factories became organized.

Favoritism and arbitrary dismissal of workers have been frequent causes of dissatisfaction of employees and have resulted in the organization of many unions within factories. Discrimination between workers with regard to wage rates has been the most common. Basic starting rates were established, and from this point increases depended on how well the employee could talk. The case of my co-worker and me in the automobile accessory factory is a fair example. I could have done, and for a while did, as much work as he; yet his rate was fifty percent greater than mine. The foreman was his uncle.

In July of 1939, after five years of service, I was discharged from a job for the stated reason of unsatisfactory work. Of course I believed, and still believe, that I was treated unfairly. I had been at my job five years, had become a veteran worker; and I know that my proficiency did not slacken. Now, it does not take a company five years to discover unsatisfactory work. But all of that is beside the point. Had I been a union member, the union would have demanded full and particular reasons for my discharge and would have given me a chance to state my case. If I had been found innocent of the charge against me, I would have been reinstated.

Before the passage of the Fair Labor Standards Act, employees on a so-

called salary, that is, wages paid by the week or month, were frequently obliged to work many more than the scheduled hours. Factory clerks, timekeepers, stock-room attendants, and tool-room employees were usually paid salaries rather than wages for the simple reason that it was then possible to have them work additional hours without additional pay. I was frequently forced to work until late at night and then to report at the regular starting time the next morning. Failure to do so would have resulted in discharge, and, although I was never discharged for this reason, some of my co-workers were.

One morning, a short time after the Fair Labor Standards Act became effective, I overheard a conversation between the plant manager and the electrician. The electrician had been working several overtime hours a week. The plant manager was earnestly telling the electrician that such long hours were injurious to his health. Yet many times before the passage of this legislation, this same electrician had been obliged to work more than the normal number of hours; in fact, I remember instances when he was called in at two and three o'clock in the morning to do some emergency repair work. No consideration was given to his health at that time. Had he failed to work the required number of hours or refused to report in when called, he would have been replaced by someone who would have complied. Employers became concerned only after employers were legally obliged to compensate employees for excessive hours of work. The plant manager was concerned for the pocketbook of the company and not for the health of the electrician.

On the other hand, there is no question in my mind that some of the methods employed by unions and some of their practices are to be deplored. "Feather bedding" seems to have become a common practice. Feather bedding consists of demanding that more workers be used for a given task than are actually required. On one occasion, it was necessary to move a time clock from one location to another. In accordance with union regulations, it was necessary to use three men for this task: an electrician to disconnect the wiring, an operation which consisted of removing a plug from its socket; a carpenter to remove the clock from the wall, which required the removing of four screws; and a trucker to transport the clock to the new location, where the carpenter put it on the wall and the electrician inserted the plug. One man could have done this task as quickly as three. This childish practice increases costs to employers and tends to strengthen their anti-union feeling.

That unions should demand maintenance of membership agreements in their contracts is evidence of their abuse of their present power. To expect and demand that an employer collect dues from union members and remit these dues to the union is hardly within the realm of reason. The discontinuance of these demands would greatly improve the relationship between employers and union representatives and members.

The present conflicts between unions and employers have arisen because the unions are making use of a favorable situation to gain some of the desired improvements in wage scales. Many people believe that labor had a field day during the war and should now be willing to revert to pre-war wage scales. It is undeniably true that labor, as a group, had higher gross earnings during the war period than in any previous period. But what was the source of these increased earnings? The large earnings were due primarily to the long hours put in by labor and not to base-rate increases. Basic wage rates were advanced in accordance with the Little Steel Formula—that is, approximately fifteen percent over the base of 1941. By now reverting to the standard forty-hour week, workers do not receive wages in keeping with the cost of living, which has advanced from thirty to thirty-five percent above that of 1941, the base period. It is for the purpose of adjusting these differences that labor is now fighting.

The time is now right for union activity because, as a result of increased employment and the consequent increase in union memberships during the war, union treasuries are more nearly adequate to wage a long struggle than ever before. Further, wartime savings of workers can be used for maintenance during the strike action and can thus relieve much of the hardship that usually accompanies strikes. The present reconversion of industry to peacetime production also offers the unions a favorable opportunity for exerting pressure. A manufacturer who fails to settle wage issues before reconversion is completed will probably find himself out-distanced by competitors.

Unions are also at this time attempting to correct conditions that grew up during the war, conditions that went unchallenged because labor had given its no-strike pledge. It can hardly be denied that, in general, labor lived up to this pledge rather admirably. This fact is forgotten by those persons who delight in pointing a finger at the number of strikers during the war. The newspapers played up the fact that at times sixty thousand workers were out on strikes. When compared with the sixty-two million job holders, sixty thousand is a pitifully small representation of labor. While labor was living up to its pledge, some employers took advantage of the situation to postpone and forego settling differences which arose. One example which bears out this statement is that of a company which, even though the War Labor Board certified the bargaining agent for the employees in August of 1943, stalled off contract negotiations until the end of the war. In spite of this action, the employees remained on the job. As soon as the war ended, however, they struck. Many of the strikes which have occurred in the short time since the end of the war have been called to settle such differences and to get contracts negotiated. Had there been no war, these strikes would have been called one or two at a time and would not have resulted in the commotion they are now causing.

That the organization of labor is necessary to combat the unfair practices of employers seems to me to be well proved. Labor has no other way of gaining any improvements in its position. It seems, however, that there should be some common ground on which labor and capital can meet and do away with the abuses practiced on both sides. However, in the absence of such a common ground, if we must choose between the evils attendant upon unionism and those practiced by capital before the labor unions gained their great strength, then, by all means, let us have labor unions.

Mr. Coletti

SHIRLEY ACKERMAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1945-1946

I FIRST CAME FACE TO FACE WITH MR. COLETTI WHEN I was a sophomore in high school. I was startled at first to realize that he looked like a cross between a kewpie-doll and a grizzly bear. Since then I have become accustomed to his odd appearance; it is unnoticed when in spirited competition with his other peculiarities. However, let your mind create this man. He is very short, very dark, and very broad. He wears his black hair parted in the middle and drawn down on the sides to form a definite spit-curl over each temple. Under his shaggy eyebrows, shrewd black beads twinkle. On the end of his rather obvious nose rests a pair of horn-rimmed bifocals. There is always a very faint smile playing on his lips, but the rockiness of his jaw belligerently contradicts his friendly mouth. Always wearing the same brown suit, but a variety of brilliant ties, he is an arresting specimen as he ambles to classes.

In front of the pupils, however, he is something to fear. A bit on the eccentric side, he often stops recitation in order to inquire about someone's health, or whether everyone is happy. During examinations he paces the aisles between the desks, and if he should see someone pondering a question or even slightly hesitating, he runs over, pounds the student's forehead with his forefinger, and screams, "Think, man, think!"

Mr. Coletti is as unpredictable in his study hall as in the classroom. A boy who generally slept through study periods was sleeping through his. When Mr. Coletti saw him, he got down on all fours, crawled to the boy's seat in the back of the room and earnestly bit him in the leg. No hard feelings were involved — at least on the part of Mr. Coletti; he rather enjoyed creating a sensation, and completely forgave the culprit.

Without him, high school would have been boring; with him it was a game. Every day we would ask, "What will Mr. Coletti do today?" And every day we would get a new answer.

Mrs. Kramer's Palace

MARY JANE WILSON

Rhetoric I, Final Examination, 1945-1946

HAVE YOU EVER HAD A THOROUGHLY DULL, UNINTERESTING Sunday afternoon turn unexpectedly into an Event? My family had made a practice (before rationing) of going for a drive on Sunday, and while the excursions were pleasant, they were much alike week after week. Occasionally, however, we discovered an especially beautiful view from the top of a high mountain; or a natural phenomenon such as sink holes, a canyon, or a huge spring; or, more rarely, a herd of deer grazing in a clearing surrounded by deep woods. We learned to turn from the highways and seek out "back" roads, for scenery and natural beauty were never advertised in Pennsylvania. The natives' attitude was stolid — "Yeah, it's always been there" — when we exclaimed about a recent discovery of ours.

One day, however, we forgot to look closely enough to find beauty very near our home. While we were driving along a back road bound for a swim, someone exclaimed, "There's a boat on Kramer's Pond!" Since the pond was a tiny, artificial one which was used in winter for ice-skating, we had supposed it was unused in summer. Yet, unmistakably, there was a boat moving slowly across the further side. By common consent, we turned to investigate. When we had drawn closer, we were amazed to see a plump little woman surrounded by dozens of beautiful vari-colored water lilies in a flat-bottomed boat. She smiled as she saw our amazement, climbed out, and waved us into the hut close by. Pink-cheeked and breathless, she hastened to unfasten the door and ushered us in. The scene that she revealed when she lit an oil lamp and held it for us (for the hut was very dim) was astonishing. On the floor, on the rough bench along one wall, on the rickety chairs — everywhere stood wooden buckets and tubs literally filled with water lilies. There were pale pink ones, and yellow ones, even bright red ones, all in various stages of closing into tight buds for the night. Despite the rough surroundings, the scene was beautiful.

Finally, turning to the woman, we inquired about her business. She explained that the lilies had started as a hobby. The pond had been unused during the summer months until she conceived the idea of growing the flowers there. Her tiny little rowboat was built especially for her to use in the shallow pond when the blossoms were ready to be picked. In the hut, which had an earth floor and was therefore damp enough to preserve the delicate flowers, she arranged them first for her own pleasure and later for sale. Centerpieces were easiest, she explained. In a shallow bowl chosen by the hostess, she floated only two or three large blossoms, which made a

simple but perfect addition to any table. Recently, she had been approached by friends of shut-ins or convalescents for a "different" arrangement. She had found that a single blossom in an inverted glass bowl was popular.

We finally turned to leave, but with a lift which always follows an unexpected pleasure. A "different" hobby which had turned into a life work—that was beauty also.

The War Hawks

DONALD W. BECKER

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1945-1946

AMERICANS HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT THE WAR of 1812 was a direct result of the English Orders in Council and Napoleon's Decrees of 1807, acts which were aimed at our trade as a neutral.¹ Included in these acts was the "impressment of American seamen"² by the English. However, the sections of America devoted to trade and commerce voted against war with England. It should be obvious, therefore, that some other force must have influenced America to declare war against England. This force was exerted by the "War Hawks."

President James Madison, struggling with the international situation, was trying to get both England and France to rescind their obnoxious Orders and Decrees and to preserve peace. But the election of 1810 resulted in the defeat of many old Congressmen of pacific views, who were replaced by fiery, young men, impatient with the peace policy. These men of the Twelfth Congress (1811-13) were to become known as the "War Hawks."

Among the leaders of the "War Hawks" were Clay and Johnson of Kentucky, Calhoun of South Carolina, Grundy of Tennessee, and Porter of Western New York, men from the West and South, the regions least affected by British interference with commerce. Yet, these men advocated war with England. "Their enthusiasm for war may be attributed partly to their youthful exuberance—they were nearly all young men—but as spokesmen for their sections they envisioned concrete advantages as the fruit of war."³

The "War Hawks" were especially aroused by the opposition of the Indians, led by Tecumseh, who were resisting the advance of the whites in

¹ During this period England and France were at war. England was a naval power and France was a land power; therefore, they resorted to economic warfare. Since America owned most of the ships provisioning these countries, economic warfare resulted in a direct blow to America.

² The English would board American ships, claim some of the sailors were English, and imprison them.

³ J. T. Adams, ed., *Dictionary of American History*, Vol. V, New York: Charles Scribner's and Sons, 1940, p. 403.

the Northwest. They believed that the British in Canada were aiding the Indians by supplying them with guns and ammunition.

"Little by little the 'War Hawks' fanned the flame of the 'war spirit' in Congress."⁴ This "spirit" was steadily rising, not so much in the commercial centers of New England, but "along the frontier from the Green Mountains to the Kentucky Blue Grass, and thence eastward into the Georgia Uplands. These were the regions of 'expansionist enthusiasm,' the strongholds of the 'War Hawks.'"⁵

There seems to be little doubt that the "War Hawks" aimed to get more territory. "Men of the Northwest commonly held the British responsible for their troubles with the Indians (exemplified in the activities of Tecumseh and the bloody encounter at Tippecanoe, Nov. 7, 1811) and expected to end these difficulties by driving the British from Canada. Southerners planned to conquer Florida from Spain, Great Britain's ally. Thus the 'War Hawks' represented the expansionist aims of the frontier."⁶

During a house debate on armament of merchant shipping, the war party frankly revealed their designs upon Canada. Mr. Porter, chairman of the committee, speaking on December 6, explained that in addition to the injury which American privateers could inflict upon British commerce, "there was another point where we could attack her, and where she would feel our power still more sensibly. We could deprive her of her extensive provinces lying along our borders to the north."⁷

By the end of the spring of 1812, the whole frontier was insisting that the British must be expelled from Canada. To influence all of Congress the "War Hawks" took up the war cry of "sailors' rights," but it was really the expansionist aims they had in mind. Add to this a strong third factor that made them advocates of war. Grundy of Tennessee dwelt upon the particular advantage the Westerner would derive from war. "We shall drive the British from our continent—they will no longer have the opportunity of intriguing with our Indian neighbors and setting on the ruthless savage to tomahawk our women and children."⁸ Thus they welcomed war because they "thought it would be the easiest way to abate Indian troubles."⁹

On June 23, 1812, Parliament repealed the Orders in Council, but it was too late; the news did not reach America in time. Five days earlier the "War Hawks" had their way: America had declared war on England.

⁴ J. T. Adams, *The Epic of America*, New York: Blue Ribbon Books, Inc., 1931, pp. 142-143.

⁵ J. A. Kraut, ed., *A History of American Life*, Vol. V, New York: Macmillan Co., 1944, p. 189.

⁶ Adams, *Dictionary of American History*, p. 403.

⁷ J. W. Pratt, *Expansionists of 1812*, New York: Macmillan Co., 1925, pp. 50-51.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 51.

⁹ Edward Channing, *A History of the United States*, Vol. IV, New York: Macmillan Co., 1917, p. 456.

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The Traipsin' Woman's Singin' Gatherin'

ANN REES

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1945-1946

ON THE SECOND SUNDAY IN EVERY JUNE, OVER thirty thousand people come from near and far to the Traipsin' Woman's Cabin in Boyd County, Kentucky, eighteen miles south of the city of Ashland along the Mayo Trail. They gather in Lost Hope Hollow to witness the annual performance of the American Folk Song Festival. To the audience, this is an opportunity to get a close-up of the hill people in their natural setting, and to hear their music sung and played in its native simplicity. To the participants, the Festival, or "singin' gatherin'" as they call it, is their chance to participate in a tournament of ballads.¹

The person who conceived and developed the idea of the American Folk Song Festival is Jean Thomas. Jeanette Bell Thomas was born in the Kentucky foothills. Her father was one of the hill people, but her mother was an "outlander"² who insisted that they live in Ashland. Jean attended high school there, and after graduation was employed in a hardware store. Luckily for the future of Kentucky music, Jean's education had not included much mathematical training and, since her job required bookkeeping which she could not do, she was soon discharged.³ She had paid a deposit on a portable

¹ Paul Kennedy, "Minstrels of the Kentucky Hills," *Travel*, 79 (June, 1942), 14.

² "Outlander": any person not born in the hills.

³ Dorothy Thomas, "That Traipsin' Woman," *Independent Woman*, 13 (June, 1934), 169.

typewriter and was contributing to the support of her mother, for her father had died several years before. Therefore, she was not in a position to hesitate in accepting work as a traveling court stenographer.⁴ Because her job made it necessary for her to "traipse with a passel of lawyers through the hills," the hill people called her the Traipsin' Woman.⁵ At first the hill people were hostile toward her, for, added to their natural distrust of strangers, they found it hard to accept the fact that a woman could be as independent as she was.⁶

Jean spent her first night in the hills at the home of "Uncle" Lije. The knowledge that the room next to hers was occupied by Babe Vinton, an accused murderer whose trial she was to attend the next day, so frightened her that she was unable to sleep. As she lay in bed, fearing for her life, she heard a wistful song echoing through the valley beneath her windows. Instantly, she was out of bed, fear forgotten, and snatching her pad and pencil, she began to take down the words of the ballad.⁷

This was Jean's first actual contact with mountain music, although she had been led to an interest in it before this time by her former music teacher, with whom she had spent many hours discussing the Elizabethan ballads that had come from Scotland and England to the Kentucky hills and remained in their original form there.⁸

The next morning, Jean was startled to find that the singer of the night had been the man who was being tried, Babe Vinton. She was so obviously pleased when he was acquitted that she attracted the interest of Granny Arimathea Kearey.⁹ Granny Kearey soon became a self-appointed guardian to the Traipsin' Woman, and from then on Jean had easy access to any of the mountain ballads she desired, for no mountaineer would refuse a request of Granny Kearey's.¹⁰

For nearly a year, Jean traveled through the Big Sandy River country with the court. Even though the people were now very friendly and she had developed a great interest in their music, she became restless and decided to go to New York. In New York, she did secretarial work for such theatrical people as Gloria Gould, Lillian Gish, and Cyril Hume. Attracted by the glamour of Hollywood, Jean went to the West Coast, where she found work as a script writer. When the novelty of this work began to wear off, she realized that she was homesick for Kentucky, so she packed up and went home.

Once again Jean traveled through the hills with the "Corte" and, in her spare time, listened to the music of the hills. While she was in Hollywood,

⁴ Jean Thomas, *The Traipsin' Woman*, New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., 1933, pp. 11-14. ⁵ "Voices of the Hills," *Newsweek*, 11 (June 6, 1938), 24.

⁶ Jean Thomas, "I Don't Favor no Traipsin' Wimmin," *American Magazine*, 107 (May, 1929), 59. ⁷ Jean Thomas, *The Traipsin' Woman*, pp. 22-23.

⁸ Dorothy Thomas, *op. cit.*, p. 169. ⁹ Jean Thomas, *The Traipsin' Woman*, pp. 55-57.

¹⁰ Jean Thomas, "I Don't Favor no Traipsin' Wimmin," p. 59.

she had seen many movies in production that concerned Negro and Indian music. The more she heard of Kentucky ballads, the greater grew her desire to give people everywhere a similar opportunity of hearing them. However, Jean realized that to take these ballads out of their natural setting would destroy much of their beauty.¹¹ In 1929, when Jean attended the traditional "singin' gatherin'" with Granny Kearey, she knew at once that this was how she wanted the world to see and hear Kentucky music.

With the aid of her mountain friends, Jean produced the first American Folk Song Festival in 1930.¹² This "remembrance from an old world to the new"¹³ has now become nationally known. Its advisory board has included such people as Irvin S. Cobb, Deems Taylor, Stephen Vincent Benét, Erskine Caldwell, and Carl Sandburg.¹⁴ A national society has been formed that has as its main interest the continuation of the Festival.

Tradition and simplicity are the keynotes of the American Folk Song Festival. An amateur note is purposely introduced in order to preserve this atmosphere. To open the performance, a piper leads a group of girls, costumed in clothes suitable for the Lincolnshire dances they perform. These girls have been chosen as the prettiest in the Kentucky hills.¹⁵ Following them come overalled men, women in gingham Scottish plaids, and children in hand-woven linsey-woolseys.¹⁶ The participants gather on the rough wooden platform which extends before the Traipsin' Woman's log cabin and the singing begins. The aim of the Festival is to build a picture of mountain life as it has existed since the beginning of the seventeenth century. The music includes all of the songs that concern their birth, their "infares" and their "funeralizin's." Also included in the program are play songs used in apple butter boilings and corn huskings, and the typical story-telling ballads that relate family differences. Each song is sung by the person who is recognized by the hill people as being most capable of singing that particular selection.¹⁷ The performers accompany themselves on their dulcimers, guitars, banjos, fiddles, and harmonicas.¹⁸ Thus, as the program draws to a close, the audience finds that it has a picture of mountain life. It joins the hill people in singing the final ballad, one of the saddest and most beloved, "Down in the Valley":

Down in the valley, valley so low;
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.
Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind blow,
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

¹¹ Dorothy Thomas, *op. cit.*, p. 188.

¹² Dorothy Thomas, *op. cit.*, p. 169.

¹³ Dorothy Thomas, *op. cit.*, p. 169.

¹⁴ Dorothy Thomas, *op. cit.*, p. 188.

¹⁵ Kennedy, *op. cit.*, p. 15.

¹⁶ Kennedy, *op. cit.*, p. 14.

¹⁷ Kennedy, *op. cit.*, p. 14.

¹⁸ Kennedy, *op. cit.*, p. 15.

Build me a castle, forty feet high,
 So I can see him, as he goes by;
 As he goes by, dear, as he goes by,
 So I can see him, as he goes by.

Roses love sunshine, violets the dew,
 Angels in heaven, know I love you;
 Know I love you, dear, know I love you,
 Angels in heaven, know I love you.

With the conclusion of the Festival, the mountain people return to their work for another year, and their good friend, Jean Thomas, returns to hers of lecturing, writing, and traveling up and down the Big Sandy, visiting with her mountain friends and ever increasing her store of ballads. Then once again will come early summer, when it is time to set out along the Mayo Trail to Lost Hope Hollow for another American Folk Song Festival.

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"True-Life Drama"

In my opinion, there are six main kinds of movie stories. The first of these is the "true-life drama." This type of picture attempts to portray ordinary American life. It supposedly shows the everyday problems of a normal family. The heroine of the story is usually a mature but surprisingly beautiful woman with an ideal husband and children, a luxurious home, and a sweet, noble disposition. During the course of the movie everything goes wrong: her husband deserts her for another woman, the mortgage falls due, her daughter elopes with a married man, and Junior takes up marijuana. But do these troubles phase our lovely heroine? Not one little bit! She merely squares her shoulders, blinks a tear from her eye, and, with a trembling smile, goes on with life because "she must." Eventually, her husband comes back to her and pays the mortgage, her daughter returns, explaining that she was only joking, and the man who was selling Junior marijuana moves on to a new location. As the picture ends, all is once again sweetness and light, and the audience is left sobbing happily. This, according to Hollywood, is a true picture of American life. Fellow citizens, how do we manage to live through it?—LOIS RUDNIK

Youth by Joseph Conrad

and

The Inheritors by Conrad and F. M. Hueffer

CAROLINE MADDOX

Rhetoric I, Theme 9, 1945-1946

THE PEN IN JOSEPH CONRAD'S HAND IS A POTENT INSTRUMENT. It creates almost magically intense moods and characters with appropriate settings and plots. This is especially evident in the volume called *Youth*, which includes three stories—"Youth," "Heart of Darkness," and "The End of the Tether." In *The Inheritors*, written in collaboration with F. M. Hueffer, the creative effort seems less powerful.

"Youth" is the tale of a voyage on the ill-fated *Judea*, a true yarn from Conrad's own experience. As he says in the Author's Note, it is a "feat of memory . . . a record of experience [which] in its inwardness and outward coloring begins and ends in myself." The tale is so nostalgia-drenched that the reader cannot help thinking it must have been Conrad who "joined" the grimy, leaking, undependable old freighter for his first voyage to the East. With the motto "Do or Die" fading on her stern the coal-laden old cargo ship met obstacle after obstacle and still limped on toward Bangkok. Bangkok—magic name to the youth who shipped as second mate! To him the dangers and hard work of the journey, storms, leaks, delays, the final disaster, all were the romance of living. "There was all the East before me," he said, "and all of life, and the thought that I had been tried in that ship. . . ."

The flavor of "Youth" is unrestrainedly nostalgic. Of the next tale, "Heart of Darkness," the author says, "Anybody can see it is anything but the mood of wistful regret, of reminiscent tenderness." It, too, is based on experience, but "pushed a little (and only very little) beyond the actual facts. . . ." Its "sombre theme had to be given a sinister resonance, a tonality of its own, a continued vibration that, I hoped, would hang in the air, and dwell on the ear after the last note had been struck." Indisputably, the sinister resonance effected by the story of a trip into the brooding darkness of Africa does dwell on the ear. The man who piloted a little steamer up the river to rescue the keeper of an ivory station felt the spell of "an empty stream, a great silence, an impenetrable forest . . . the stillness of an implacable force brooding over an inscrutable intention." Years later he shuddered at the remembrance of that vast wilderness which drew white men into its depths and then closed pensive, enigmatic darkness around their futile lives.

The last tale in the book is neither as emotional as "Youth," nor as spell-binding as "Heart of Darkness." "The End of the Tether" is a gentler story of an old captain. Captain Whalley is a memorable character — a gentleman, a man who faced misfortune with all his dignity and strength. The only aim of his last days was to help his daughter, who had married an invalid. To help her he sold his last ship and lived a short while on land, feeling useless and idle, knowing he would soon have to start spending the last five hundred pounds which he had hoped to send to his daughter. To save the money for her, he — who had been Dare-Devil Harry Whalley, captain of clipper ships, discoverer of new sea routes, for whom an island had been named — took command of an old steamer, the *Sofala*, in partnership with a misanthropic engineer. He bore the bitter unfriendliness of the engineer, bore everything for the sake of his daughter. Even when a terrible catastrophe began to destroy his greatest faiths — in a just God and in his own strength — he struggled on, until he was finally at the "end of the tether."

The Inheritors is called by its authors "An Extravagant Story." It is as different from *Youth* as land is from sea, yet the man who brews the spell of the sea and of strange settings does almost as well with the strangeness of an idea in *The Inheritors*.

Conrad and Hueffer have conceived the "Inheritors" as a race of people who inhabit the Fourth Dimension, a "plane — invisible to our eyes, but omnipresent." The Fourth Dimensionists are, in their "unrealizable infinity of space," a "race clear-sighted, eminently practical, incredible; with no ideals, prejudices, or remorse; with no feeling for art and no reverence for life; free from any ethical tradition; callous to pain, weakness, suffering and death. . . ." They are to inherit the earth (because their own dimension is becoming too crowded) by materializing among us and destroying our whole social system. Our system is to "break as a beam snaps," because we are "worm-eaten with altruism and ethics."

It seems strange to me that people who live in the infinite space of the Fourth Dimension can need the earth. However, the "extravagant story" is credibly presented. The hero, an ordinary and unsuccessful author, learned about the Fourth Dimensionists from a chance acquaintance along the road to Dover. He thought the young lady who walked beside him through the afternoon had a strong imagination, and he refused to accept as truth her unemotional description of the race. He was so much intrigued by her strangeness and her shadowless beauty that when they came to the place where they must part, he asked whether they were to meet again. She answered, "Oh, very often." Even then he did not realize that he was doomed to become one of her tools in a huge Fourth Dimensionist plot involving great statesmen of England and France.

The plot is full of political intricacies which might make dull reading if they were not mingled with personalities — the hero (defenceless, and mud-

dled by his love for the girl); the girl, with her intense, translucent, dispassionate beauty; all the men whose lives are to be ruined by the Inheritors' plans.

More than the characters or the startling ideas of the book, I enjoyed such flashes of Conrad's word magic as these:

"... gleaming mist hung in the ragged hedges."

"Her figure faded into darkness as pale things waver down into deep water."

"Remembrance of the common at Stelling — of the glimmering white faces of the shadowy cottages — was like a cold waft of mist to me."

The Inheritors flows along rather lightly, in contrast to the intensity of the stories in *Youth*. I prefer the undiluted Conrad magic of *Youth*.

Firefighters — Urbana Style

JOSEPH ROBERT DESHAYES

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1945-1946

"BILLY HARVEY AND ME, WE'RE THE ONLY TWO MEN still livin' that was on the first Urbana Volunteer Fire Force," said Charlie Defimbaugh as we chatted about the days when Urbana thought itself enough of a town to have a fire department. "Yes, sir, I was quite a man back in those days. It was in 1870 if I remember rightly. Yes, yes, that's right. I was just thirteen when I joined. I came eighty-eight yesterday. We was just a forty-man bucket brigade then, but we got some attention in 1871. The city voted us a hose reel and hand pump. We was a pretty sight in those bright uniforms runnin' to a fire and draggin' that equipment behind us."

The city made a good investment in that pump and hose reel, not to forget the twelve buckets that completed the fire equipment. Funds were also made available with which each volunteer fireman would be paid three dollars and seventy-five cents for every three months that he didn't miss a fire or a meeting.

On the same day the great Chicago fire broke out, Urbana had its great fire. It started when some boys were burning the legs off chinch bugs in a barn on High Street, between Race and Broadway. At one o'clock on the afternoon of October 7, 1871, the volunteers, called from their homes, hastened to the fire department, then located at the place where the Plaza Hotel now stands. Those forty firemen pumped and sprayed throughout the night trying to quench the flames. A brigade of women passed buckets of water to the pumps and empty buckets back to the Bone Yard. "I've laughed about it many a time," Charlie said, laughing once again. "Yes, sir, those

women were industrious. Fact is, all but a quart of each bucket of water had gone up in steam by the time it was dumped into the machine. The fire raged on for six blocks north and spread to two blocks wide when it got to Main Street." The last embers were put out on the morning of the eighth. It had burned out at the I. B. and W. Railroad, now known as the Big Four.

In 1875 Urbana voted to start putting in water mains. These were a big help to the firemen because it had been quite a job for ten men on each side of the hand pump whenever a fire lasted very long.

Colonel Busey took office as mayor of Urbana in 1880. He had been in office three months when the volunteers' August meeting was to take place. Mayor Busey ordered the men not to hold that meeting, because, he reasoned, the men would get a keg of beer, and trouble would follow. "Him sayin' that hurt me," Charlie said. "So me and one of the other boys just got up and walked out." That was the beginning of volunteer walkouts. Soon Mayor Busey organized a regular force of firemen, whose chief was Mr. Couchner. A small volunteer force was still on call.

In 1897 Urbana purchased its first horse-drawn fire wagon. During the first years, horses were rented from the Urbana Livery Stable, but in 1902 funds were raised for three teams and two more fire wagons. In 1907 a new record was set with a horse-drawn fire wagon; when an alarm was sounded, the firemen were out of bed, in the wagon, and out of the station in eleven seconds.

Around 1908 the Urbana Fire Department was moved from 107 N. Broadway to its present location, 116 W. Elm. This station in 1913 housed the first motor-driven fire engine to be seen in Champaign County. It could travel about thirty-five miles per hour. Once the University fire chief accidentally threw the switch of an alarm box located where the Illini Union Building now stands. With that fire engine the boys were at the alarm box in ninety-two seconds.

The present chief, Mr. Pittman, has been in the service of the Urbana Fire Department for twenty-six years. His father was assistant chief of the department when they worked a one hundred and forty-four hour week. Chief Pittman, for that matter, worked twelve years under this same system. Not until 1931 was the twenty-four hour day, six-day week, and ten-day annual vacation changed to a two-platoon system. Under the two-platoon system ten men are divided into two shifts. Each five-man shift works twenty-four out of forty-eight hours. That is an eighty-four hour week. Whenever the duty platoon is called out to a fire, the off platoon is called to the station to stand by. The fireman draws \$162.50 a month, the same pay as that earned by the city policeman who works only forty-eight hours a week at much less boring work. The men in the duty platoon are not allowed to go over fifty feet away from the station during the twenty-four hour shift unless they are called to a fire. The old ten-day annual vacation has been

increased to two weeks. After twenty years' service, if he is fifty years old or over, the fireman can retire on one half of his salary.

At present the city owns one hook and ladder truck and two trucks containing booster tanks. These latter trucks travel seventy miles per hour and weigh seven tons each. For the purchase of new fire equipment, the city must float a bond issue. The latest purchase of fire engines for Urbana was in 1940, when the two trucks which carry their own water supply were purchased for \$17,350.

When a call of fire comes into the station, the desk clerk sings out the address, and the men are off to the fire. Meanwhile the desk clerk calls the University and Champaign Fire Departments as well as the Urbana Water Works, giving them the address of the fire and instructions to stand by. If necessary, the water works boosts the line pressure to eighty pounds, from the average water main pressure of fifty pounds. Chief Pittman said, "We can get to a fire nine blocks away from us in one minute. The one thing that gets me are those excited people who call up and rave on about 'My house is on fire' but don't give an address. I've got a solution to the problem though. Make 'em mad. I say, 'What in the Hell's your address?' They cool down right away and tell me, but they argue after we're at the fire and have it under control that it took us fifteen minutes to get there."

There are approximately two hundred calls a year, most of them in the winter months. The chief said to me, "There have been as many as seven calls a day, but on the other hand two weeks have gone by without turnin' a wheel. Of course we have false alarms. About three a year, they average. Believe it or not, they are usually turned in by some crazy co-ed who wants to see the fire engines." The Urbana Fire Department averages seven annual calls from outside the corporate limits. It will answer these calls as far as five miles out of town and east of the Illinois Central Railroad if the person calling has a fire clause in his insurance policy demanding city fire protection. Since the cost of this clause is slight it pays every out-of-town property owner to have one. The insurance company pays the city clerk one hundred dollars for each out-of-town run the fire department makes on its client.

Urbana's latest fire of any size was in 1943. The basketball finals were in progress, and the firemen did not start to bed until about eleven o'clock. One of the men took a look around at a quarter to twelve, and all seemed well; but just as the last man was going to bed he saw that the Piggly Wiggly Store just across the street was a raging furnace at the rear. In less than a minute, water was on the fire, but because of faulty alley and building construction the fire raged on until practically the entire lower floor of the building was gutted.

Chief Pittman stated, "We consider ourselves lucky if we can get to a fire before it's out of control, but we consider ourselves luckier that the Urbana force has never lost a man while on duty."

A Night in December

MARY LOU SOLOMON

D. G. S. 1a, Theme 5, 1945-1946

I AWAKENED SUDDENLY, NOT KNOWING WHY. THE AIR IN my room seemed tight and dry; I sensed danger. As I looked through the French windows that faced the north, the darkness of the night was intensified by a strange glow in the distance. Just as my eight-year-old mind was trying to grasp the phenomenon, the door opened. Daddy, dressed in pajamas and robe, came in and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Darling," he said, "we're going for a drive now, so let Daddy help you with your robe and slippers."

"But it's night!" I cried. "Why are we going now?"

He didn't say anything but picked me up in his arms and walked over to the north windows. I must have cried out, for his grip tightened around me. As far as I could see, the mountains, a block behind our house, appeared to be tumbling with flames. The scope of the fire was far reaching, but it hadn't approached the foothills which faced our house. The two houses at the head of the block, directly below the mountains, then drew my attention. The flames shone through their front windows, making them resemble cat's eyes glittering in the night. Shivering, I drew closer to Daddy.

"Let's get a robe on you," he cried — and looking back, "If it only weren't for that damn wind!"

When he helped me dress, I began to notice disturbances in the house. I could hear Mother calling Maida, our week-end guest, and the sound of scurrying feet. Daddy was explaining to me that the car was parked in the drive and that I was to wait for them there. When we came into the hall, Mother was there with her arms full of small boxes and packages.

"We don't have time to pick up much more, Florence," warned Daddy. "That wind could sweep down in a matter of minutes once it started blowing southward."

"Yes, I know. I'm just getting a few things. Maida!" she called.

"Here I am, here I am!" And she bustled out nervously, two long braids streaming behind her. The queer procession filed out to the car, which stood strong and protective in the driveway.

"You won't need to wait by yourself now; we'll not bother with any more," Daddy whispered to me as I was tucked into a corner of the back seat.

He had started the engine when a dismal howl came from our backyard.

"Bounce!" I screamed. "Don't forget Bounce!"

Mother opened the car door and hurried down the drive. A few minutes

later she reappeared with Bounce straining at his leash. Quivering and still whining softly, my beloved Doberman pinscher snuggled on the floor by my feet, resting his head on my knees. Somehow, I felt calm, knowing he came to me for protection.

As Daddy eased the car out of the drive, we all turned our faces toward the north. Great sheets of flame spread eastward, while tails licked down the mountains behind our house.

"There's no stopping her now," prophesied Dad. "Hell of a lot of good those fire breaks do; that wind just fans the flames right over them."

Fire engines screeched up the street, spitting gravel to the side of the road. Motorcycles preceded them, their sirens wailing. The heat from the fire was more intense now; my face felt dry and prickly. We hadn't had rain for weeks, so the dried underbrush encouraged any spark.

"They'll have to call out the Los Angeles fire engines for this," Dad stated. "Our Glendale Department can't begin to check such a fire. Probably some careless fool with a cigarette," he mused.

Suddenly Mother began to laugh. "Maida, what in the world do you have in your hand?"

We all looked at the ball of Christmas twine she gripped tightly. Smiling sheepishly, she confessed, "I just grabbed the first thing, I guess," and her round face showed confusion.

Going down the main highway for almost a half mile, we came to the home of my great-aunt and uncle.

"Let's stop to see if Ella and Albert are all right," Mother urged. As we stopped in front, we saw them standing on the lawn, their gray heads turned toward the mountains.

As he stepped out of the car, Dad said, "You can't keep the fire away with those." There they stood, each holding a hose and spraying the shrubbery.

"No," admitted Uncle Albert, "but we might be able to save some of those rose trees from ruin. The fire won't come down here, but the heat might kill them."

"The wind's changing to the south, just as I expected," Dad warned. "There's nothing to stop it from coming down here now."

"Perhaps," Uncle said, "but we'll stay. If it gets too bad, we can leave in our car."

We left them standing like two sentinels guarding a fortress. The wind had increased in its violence; it carried pebbles and pieces of vegetation in its wake. Occasionally cinders swept by; and smoke, thick as any California fog, filled our lungs. Others, fleeing their homes as we had done, were motoring down the road. Curious spectators had arrived to watch the sight; however, I felt only resentment for them. All of us were compelled by some inner desire to watch our enemy as it leaped across the mountains. Faces

pressed against car windows were horrified, yet unable to turn away. Someone explained that the fire had started in Sunset Canyon a few miles to the west. Dad was somber now, not saying much. I knew that he was worried, and any excitement that remained quickly turned to fear.

The sky was hazy but lighter when we returned home four hours later. By some miracle, the wind had again changed, but this time to the north. Our district had been saved just as the flames had reached the foothills a block away. Dad thought that the heat wouldn't be too noticeable now, so we returned home. Rose trees snapped in half and a dangling awning were evidence of the wind's destruction. As the car turned up the drive, my eyes searched the house for other changes. To me it meant protection and happiness — my own world.

"Is it the same?" I asked.

"Of course it's the same," Mother comforted me. "The flame didn't touch our house." But a sense of insecurity had entered my heart; doubt filled my mind. Was it really the same?

Yeah, Joe Made It, But —!

ROBERT SINGER

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1945-1946

OUR ORCHESTRA WAS ORGANIZED JUST FOR THE FUN of it. The abilities of the boys, added and multiplied, and then doubled, would probably never equal the ability of Benny Goodman's band boy, but we had fun. Every Saturday night we'd get together in Bill's basement, someone would carry in pretzels and beer, and away we'd go. The tunes would be the old ones: "Melancholy Baby," "Stardust" "Margie," "Basin Street" — all old standard stuff everyone knows so well.

The instrumentation was novel: a piano, two accordions, drums, guitar, sax, and trumpet. It doesn't sound like much of a combination, and I guess it wasn't. We were nondescript musicians at best. Music was our hobby, not the fire of our lives. After all, we were only an assortment of mechanics, clerks, and tool and die makers. Still, once we tackled something — say "The Sheik" — you could be pretty sure we'd get through it — one way or another.

And I suppose we owed a lot of that to Joe. He was our trumpet man, maybe just a little bit better than the rest of us. His solos weren't at all reminiscent of Harry James, or Bunny Berigan. No, those men would be far from your mind as, and if, you listened. What he sounded like was what

you think you'd sound like after a year or two of hit and miss practicing. Still, he did have a certain drive and punch, and an enthusiasm that we always missed when he wasn't there. In fact when he wasn't there, it was almost just too bad. The beat would drag, my sax would honk, and Bill would get his accordion opened about two feet and crash it closed. No, we needed Joe to exist. Everything seemed to fall into place when he came. The nights he wasn't there, we'd give up, put away the instruments, and just sit around and play records.

Well, one night Joe rushed in saying he'd booked us for a job at Komblondurgowski's saloon — for Saturday night. Naturally we roared our protests: "Dammit, Joe, we told you—" "You know we ain't good enough!" "What if you don't show up?" Somehow, he overcame all of our arguments and obtained our reluctant consent. Joe, in a high spirit of anticipation, led us so well that we forgot our fears and we began to chatter of how well we'd go. We broke up late, everything arranged for Saturday night.

When Saturday night came, we were all set up in G. (Gregory) Komblondurgowski's saloon. All, that is, but Joe. We sat there and tuned up, but didn't dare to play. And that made it tough. Gregory's customers were fellows from the steel mills; their girls worked at the local Harvester works; and they were a simple, direct sort of people who knew what they wanted. Just then, they wanted to hear some music — and no delay. The atmosphere became more and more unfriendly, and we quaked and shivered. Finally, gathering up our courage, we labored into "Stardust." And then — disaster! Bill was taking the lead and had just reached that high "G" he had to hold for four beats, when he decided to clear the wind out of his accordion. The resultant discord so frightened me, I bit through the mouthpiece of my sax and started to honk. Everyone on the floor stopped in amazement and disgust; above the disapproving grumble of the crowd rang Bill's nervous cackle as he knocked over his music. We stopped, and sank back praying for Joe.

Just then he came, carrying his trumpet, all ready to play.

"Joe," we whispered, "where the hell have you been?"

"At the dentist's," he puffed. "Had a tooth pulled." Hastily we reorganized ourselves, and with Joe ready to take the lead, Herb gave us a slow four beats to set the tempo for "Time on My Hands." With a flourish, Joe swept the horn to his lips and blew. "Bloof, bloof, blowf," went Joe. He couldn't play! His jaw was so numb from the dentist's anesthetic that all he could do was blubber into the horn.

So, like the Arabs, we packed up our instruments and silently stole away.

After that, our enthusiasm gone, things never seemed the same. Now, years later, I've heard that Bill has sold his accordion, that Herb's kids have broken his drums, and that Joe's a bugler in the army.

Friendship — Taboo

EARL J. WOLF

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1945-1946

MY CREW AND I ARRIVED IN ENGLAND ALONG WITH Art Mosley's in July of '43. Both crews had gone through combat training side by side here in the States and had developed a remarkable spirit of friendship. Since we were all assigned to the same bombardment group, we were very happy about the whole deal.

The officers of these two crews composed one of the most happy-go-lucky, hell-raising bunch of fellows that our squadron had seen in quite some time. For the first few weeks no one went anywhere without the other seven. No matter what the occasion — eating, flying, sightseeing, ale-drinking in local pubs, bull sessions — this gang of ours always stuck together. We even arranged to have our quarters in the same B.O.Q. I can't begin to express the strong bond of friendship that existed among us.

This friendship was a forceful thing — and we all knew it. It was seen and felt by many of the other fellows in the outfit, and it was the topic for discussion in more than one bull session. Some of the older combat men had a deathly dread of it, but none ever bothered to explain why. We all figured that they were either jealous or just snobbish, for they had completed more missions than we. This attitude didn't worry us at all; in fact, after we discovered their attitude, we went around together raising more hell than ever.

Then came the first raid, which was both a shocking blow and a rude awakening to those of our gang who survived. Now don't get me wrong. The raid was what we had lived and trained for, and we were all very eager to get into combat. After the mission was completed, we landed; and as my ship rolled to a stop, Paul Coad, Frank Ramsey, and I jumped out and ran over to Moe's ship, which had been hit pretty badly. Over the target area Jake Frasier, Moe's navigator, had been killed instantly by a piece of flak through the head. Red Heap, Moe's bombardier, was also in bad shape; he had been wounded in four places. When the "meat wagon" came up, we helped to load the two fellows and then climbed in to go with them to the field hospital. This was the gang; where one went we all went.

Up in the club about two hours later, when the rest of us were sitting around in a daze, I slowly began to realize just how terrible it is to have a close friend in combat. This sitting around thinking was bad enough, but the worst came that night. I don't believe any of the gang got much sleep; I know I didn't. My thoughts were of Jake — never again would we have that slim, slow-talking Texan with us — and of Red Heap, lying alone in the base hospital.

Twice more we went out on raids, and then it happened to both our crews. Moe's plane caught a direct flak hit in the bomb-bay and blew up over the target. No one in the ship had a chance. In my crew, Ramsey, the navigator, was killed by a piece of flak through his head, like Jake. This left only two of the group, Paul Coad, my bombardier, and me.

It was very lonesome at first — just the two of us — no more laughing, hell-raising gang as in the old days, a month ago. Sure, there were replacements, and most of them were damn swell lads, but Paul and I had learned our lesson well. Our friendship was something that we could do nothing about now, but we had made up our minds that as long as we remained in the combat zone there would be no more real friends. Oh, I don't mean that we walked around like mummies; we talked, laughed a little, and got drunker than usual with the rest of the lads — but never again did we allow ourselves to develop the kind of friendship that had existed between the members of our original gang.

“Prospect of Whitby”

JAMES E. ZEMEK

Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1945-1946

ON THE EAST BANK OF THE THAMES, IN THE TEEMING slums of Limehouse, lies one of the most unusual places that I have ever seen. It is a public house called the “Prospect of Whitby.” The “Prospect” is right on the river, the pilings supporting its back porch sunk in the turgid waters. This particular “pub” has been the scene of murders and riots, but though its reputation is not at all savory, visitors never fail to get a thrill out of merely entering it. From the standpoint of local color, the “Prospect” probably outranks even the fabled “Cheshire Cheese.”

Years ago, during the heyday of the East and West India Companies, the “Prospect” was built near the West India Docks to accommodate thirsty sailors fresh off their ships, and to the present day it has been serving them. Of course, its war-time customers, instead of bringing loads of tea and spices from the Indies, undoubtedly were more used to bringing food up through the Channel over the protests of the *Messerschmitts* and the big guns of Calais. The “Prospect of Whitby” still serves a large number of *Lascars*, of course, and they are what make visits to Limehouse so risky. The *Lascars* are big, strapping Indian sailors who are definitely better left alone. It would be false, however, to say that they don't give a priceless atmosphere.

The "Prospect of Whitby" serves an excellent brand of ale, as the writer can testify, and it is positively a rich experience to walk into the "pub's" smoking room, lay down your 1 s. 6 d. and get a pint of bitter, or mild and bitter if you prefer. Then, a quiet stroll into the public room (under the suspicious stares of the Cockneys with their pulled-down caps) brings you to the relics of the past. There are krises from Singapore, dirks from Aden, daggers from China, spears from the Andamans. There are skulls of poor unfortunates fished out of the Thames, and, most recent relics, bomb fragments of the Hun (Limehouse suffered terribly from the blitz). With a little tact, you might be able to get a sea story from an old Cockney tar provided you see that the telling of it doesn't make him dry. All through your visit at "Prospect" the diminutive Thames tugboats keep up their tooting, and if you don't exercise moderation you find yourself longing for the life of the sea with a terrific intensity.

If you visit the "Prospect of Whitby" in the afternoon, and you later observe the light of day failing it is very wise to depart before total darkness sets in. At night Limehouse is very unhealthful for those who "don't belong." The visitor to London, however, who goes to the trouble of seeking out this famous old pub will never regret it. The element of danger involved is enthralling, the memory priceless and to be cherished.

M. P. at Work

Uncle Sam's Military Police are a quiet, inconspicuous, highly trained group of men who are constantly on the alert for anything out of the ordinary and whose keen eyes seldom miss the smallest detail. Never did I realize this fact until last Wednesday evening.

My R.O.T.C. drill period comes on Wednesday from three o'clock until five o'clock. Federal inspection was to be held the following Friday, so we marched, marched, marched, and marched some more. I was dead tired after leaving the Armory, and when I got home I did not feel like changing my clothes. I merely took off my blouse, belt, and cap. I had a pretty important letter to get off that evening and, after writing it, decided the best thing to do was to mail it at the sub-postal station. Without a further thought I headed for Jackson's Drug Store, where the station was, and posted my letter.

I then remembered that my 100-watt light bulb had burned out and that I needed another one. There were several brands: Mazda, Ken-Rad, V-Ray. I was contemplating which to choose when I felt someone tap me gently on the shoulder. From out of nowhere an ordinary-looking soldier had appeared. He quietly showed me a badge and said in a low voice, "Military Police, bud. Are you in the army?"

Then I remembered. I was still wearing my G.I. pants, shirt, and tie—but no blouse, belt, or cap. I stammered, "No sir, the R.O.T.C."

"Got any credentials or identification?" was the immediate reply.

I quickly produced my wallet and showed him my student identification card and my duplicate receipt for my R.O.T.C. uniform. He took a quick glance at them, asked my age, and returned my papers. With a whispered "O.K.," he vanished as suddenly as he had appeared.—BEN DUSTER

Dance of Death

ROSE ENEVOLD

Rhetoric II, Theme 5, Summer, 1945

IN THE LATE SPRING ONE MAY SEE THAT STRANGE BUT joyous tragedy, the dance of death of the May flies. They come into the world for a day, dance and frolic themselves to death, and are gone.

The dainty May fly is a strange creature. It eats nothing from the time it hatches until the moment of its death. It doesn't even possess a mouth with which it might eat if it cared to.

Equally strange is the birth of the May fly. The original egg is laid by a May fly two or three seasons before the emergence of the adult. The egg sinks into the bottom of a body of water and there hatches into the larva, which keeps growing and developing into higher forms. The skin or shell of the larva will not stretch; when it becomes too tight to hold the growing larva, it bursts open and a new and looser one forms, which is worn until it again becomes too tight. It, likewise, is burst and discarded. Eventually the larva starts upward toward the surface. As it reaches the surface of the water, it again loses its skin; what emerges this time, however, is a dainty May fly, very different from the water creature it was a few moments before. It used to breathe through gills like a fish; now it breathes air, and would drown if it were thrust under water.

The new creature stretches its wings and flutters away to a near-by twig. Again it sheds its skin, even to the covering of its wings. It is strange in this also, since scientists say that it is the only creature which sheds its skin after it has acquired wings. Then it flies away on its endless dance until the time of death.

Out there in the sky, the May fly finds its mate. The two frolic together for about an hour. Then they part, and each goes on and on, endlessly, until the last bit of vitality in its body is spent.

It is on this day of the dance of death that the May flies lay their eggs. Many May flies head inland, congregating about the street lamps and other bright lights that attract them. These fail in their purpose. Eggs, unless they are laid over water, will not hatch. However, most of the May flies fulfill adequately their reproductive function. They float up and down in the sun over the water, directed by instinct to plant their eggs where they will have a chance to hatch into other generations of May flies. Then, exhausted, they drop to a watery grave.

Their duty is performed, their final mission accomplished, and their dance of death completed.

Victory Cafe

ROBERT T. CLOUD

Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1945-1946

THE TOWN WAS DARK. ONLY A FEW FEEBLE LAMPS burned in the houses along the street, and the sordid interiors gave no invitation to ask directions. A dog started barking at our heels. A kick, a squeal of pain, and he ceased to annoy us. This was a dirty little town on Mindanao; this was civilization, our first in many months. Somewhere around here was the Victory Cafe—but where? The soft tinkling of a piano gave us direction and led us to a large shack set up about fifteen feet on posts. Joe went first, then Al, and I followed last up a flight of rickety stairs and under a newly painted sign, *Victory Cafe*.

The place was far from crowded; a few Filipino girls were dancing together to a hybrid tune played on a battered piano. More girls were sitting about sipping drinks and all were obviously familiar with the life of prostitution.

The only males we saw were the Filipino piano player and two American soldiers drinking at one of the tables. They waved us over and offered drinks. We accepted. It was medical alcohol and grapefruit juice. A few more rounds, and everything looked brighter. Soon the Victory Cafe was a nice place.

I drifted over to the piano player and was fascinated by the resemblance between his big white teeth and the keys of the piano. I pulled up a chair and requested song after song. He was pleased with all the attention and I was starved for music. I fed him cigarettes, the boy fed me drinks, and we all enjoyed the music. Everybody was happy.

More fellows came in. More bottles were passed around. The other crews had found the Victory Cafe and things began to happen. A football game was in progress on the dance floor; a long forward pass—and a bottle went through a window pane. A soldier was throwing tables and chairs out a window; he was showing his newly acquired girl friend how to play bombardier. A conga line weaved its staggering way across the room, up on a chair, over a table, onto another chair, and then back to the floor. The couples that had gathered in the various dark corners didn't even look up.

Everybody was happy. I fell asleep.

Next to Valor

I always did think that Bob was sort of a "funny" guy, but I never realized how "funny" he really was until that night on the lines.

When we were taking our basic back in '42, we had a "falling out" because of some misunderstanding on his part and stupidity on mine. I didn't like him mainly because he was from northern California and I didn't like Californians. "Bob Seitzermen is my name and anyone that doesn't like it can go to hell," were his exact words the first time he greeted the company. But after that he was as quiet as could be and never griped about details, or KP, or insolent sergeants. Even when I was sergeant and ordered him around, he didn't say much. I knew he didn't like me, but I wasn't worried.

Maybe that's why I was so surprised when he offered to follow me on a dangerous and important raid — dangerous enough to kill Bob and important enough to save many American lives. Maybe that's why I used to think about Bob when I was flat on my back on some cot in a base hospital on Guadalcanal. He never went out and got drunk like the rest of us, he never had a decent remark for anyone, he never wrote or received any letters from home, he never carried a picture of some girl in his wallet, he seemed to hate his very existence.

Last I heard, the army was looking all around for a relative of his to accept a Silver Star, a Distinguished Service Cross, and a Purple Heart for Bob's valor in action.

Sometimes I wonder how Bob is doing up there, but don't worry about it too long. I would have paid plenty, though, to see the look on old St. Pete's face when he opened those pearly gates and heard Bob exclaim, "Bob Seitzermen is my name and anyone that doesn't like it can go to hell!" — C. D. ORPHAN

Rhet as Writ

All of the gasoline stations are closed or just too lazy to come out in the cold and drizzling weather.

. . . .

If dead, I'd look in *Who's Who in America*. If alive, I'd look in the *Dictionary of American Biography*.

. . . .

Oh, Bob, you perfect little angle.

. . . .

Her golden hair shines as it simmers down her back.

. . . .

The basis for all factors considered on why I am a Baptist is why shouldn't I be one.

Honorable Mention

Murray Babcock — Development of the Sikorsky Helicopter

Margaret Durham — Old Muddy

Fred Elsh — It Floats Through the Air!

Ned Fleishman — Mickey Mouse as a World Figure

Stephen Honet — Lines — Just Beginning to Fade

William Jolly — Heavy Water — Its Discovery and Significance

James Kessler — Release from the Army

Mona Lee Kessler — Mask and Wig

Pauline Longworth — Train-Crew Legislation

James Milne — Lost

Myron Reynolds — The Causes of General Benedict Arnold's Treason

Alice Ross — A Walking Shadow

Millicent Simonds — A Treatment of Sherwood's *Idiot's Delight* and
There Shall Be No Night

Julia Stahl — Chippendale Furniture

Ross Titus — Magna Charta — Its Birth and Significance

Robert Wallace — Airmen's Unseen Enemy

Edward Wickersham — The American Press on the Atlantic Charter

